

EXCITING STORIES, GREAT GIVEAWAY AND LOTS MORE!



BATMAN AND SUPERMAN



**STORY
INSIDE**

*with a
**COOL
BATMAN
WATCH!****



*Featuring
**CATWOMAN and
a chance for you
to tell us your views!***

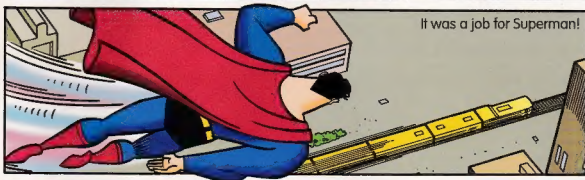
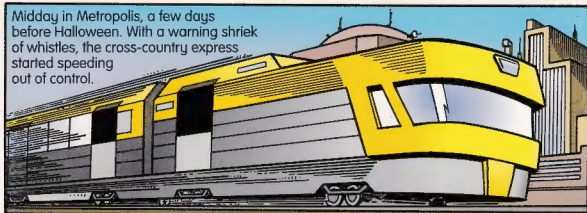


Every month
No. 51 **£1.35**



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Midday in Metropolis, a few days before Halloween. With a warning shriek of whistles, the cross-country express started speeding out of control.



It was a job for Superman!



IN Scare Tactics

The Man of Steel wasn't afraid of the danger...

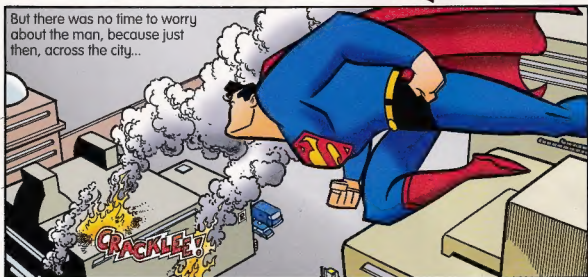
...but it seemed like fear had got the better of the driver.

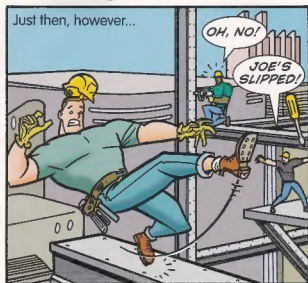
NO!
NOOO!

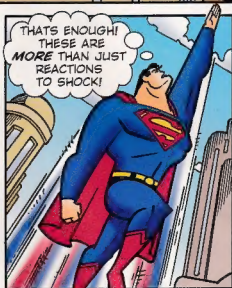
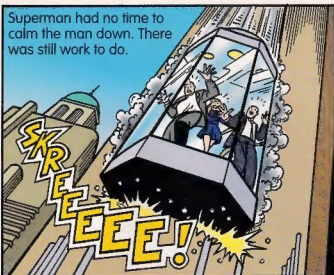




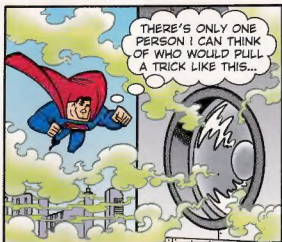
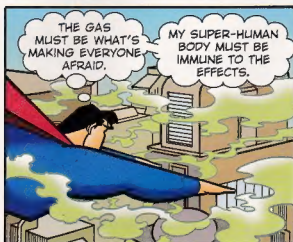
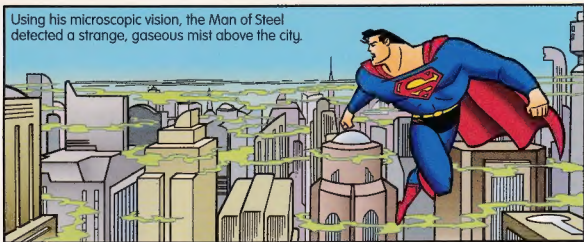
But there was no time to worry about the man, because just then, across the city...

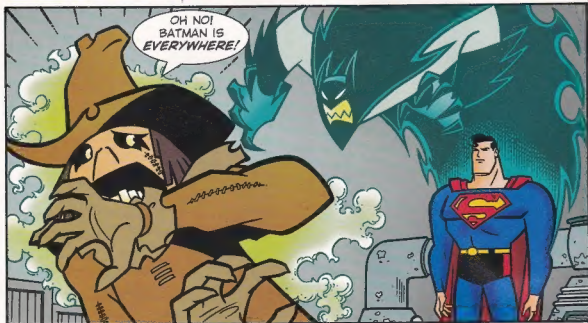







Using his microscopic vision, the Man of Steel detected a strange, gaseous mist above the city.





THE END 

MOVIE TO STAR
BATMAN AND SUPERMAN



Who is the *real* enemy in...

HUNTING THE HUNTER

Batman released the line, somersaulted, and dropped through the cool night air to land with a gymnast's grace on the roof of the eight-storey building. He peered over its edge. On the street below, the speeding van he'd been watching took the corner much too quickly. Its tyres screamed in protest, and a front wheel caught the kerb. The driver lost control. The van fish-tailed wildly and veered across the road. It mounted the kerb and slammed into a shop front. The vehicle finally came to rest, half in and half out of the offices of a driving school.

A teenager in a torn leather jacket staggered from the passenger side of the van. "You dumb knucklehead!" he hollered above the wailing alarm. "We were clear! We pulled our first major job without a

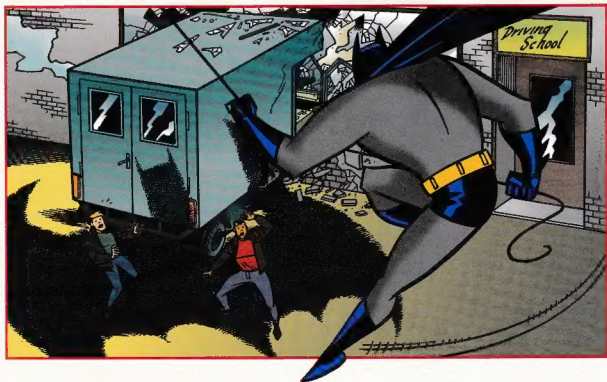
hitch. Then you start driving like the cops were on our tail!"

"Stop yelling!" said his groggy partner, emerging from the driver's seat. "He'll hear us!" In response to his warning, a bat-shaped shadow fell across the pair. They froze in fear.

Batman dropped down beside them. He scanned the van's contents through the cracked glass window of its back door. Inside were five paintings, two of them surrounded by large, ornate frames. "Tell me where you got these," he demanded.

The terrified crooks stammered that they had robbed Giovanno's, a private art gallery on Gotham Avenue. They said that the word on the street was that the security devices there were useless.

Sirens told Batman that police cars





were approaching, so he left the pair tied to their van, triggered his grappling gun, and swung up to the rooftops. He was curious. A gallery like Giovanno's should have had the best security system money could buy.

At the gallery, Batman saw that a door had been levered open. As no alarm was ringing, he checked the alarm box itself. It was difficult to reach, so the Dark Knight had to lower himself down a line. The alarm had been disabled — someone had expertly bypassed its anti-tamper devices. He suspected that the young crooks wouldn't have known how to do it.

The name on the alarm box read Stone Security Systems. Batman recalled that several high-profile buildings protected by S.S.S. equipment had recently been broken into.

Before long, the Dark Knight was

making swift progress across the Gotham skyline, heading for the offices of Stone Security Systems. They were located in a recently converted grain store in an area close to the river. At the building, Batman paused for a moment. Something was wrong. There was a window left invitingly open on the top floor. Seconds later, he was on the window's narrow ledge, climbing in.

As his eyes adjusted to the gloom inside, the World's Greatest Detective saw many eyes staring back at him. The heads of more than a dozen wild animals were mounted on the walls. Bears, lions, moose and panthers watched a bat pass slowly between the equipment and furniture in the office.

There was movement to one side, the merest glint of gunmetal. Batman dropped and rolled as the weapon roared and part of a wall shattered. He was up and twisting the double-barrelled hunting rifle from its holder's grasp before a second shot could be fired.

"You're fast. I'll give you that," snarled the gun's owner, a short, stocky man in his mid-fifties.

"Pays to be, in my line of work," replied Batman. "And I smelt a trap — security companies worthy of the name don't leave their own office windows open." He removed the second cartridge from the gun and handed it back to its surprised owner.

"You are...not the saboteur who's been ruining my company's reputation?"

Batman shook his head. "Just interested in finding out who is. Tell me about it."

The man introduced himself as Jason Stone, part-time big game hunter, and full-time owner of Stone Security Systems. Over the past two months, seven buildings

protected by his company had been broken into after the security system had been expertly disabled. Giovanno's Gallery made it eight. If it continued, trust in the company would disappear, along with Stone's business. Yet Stone could think of no one, no disgruntled employees or enemies, who wanted to ruin him. In desperation, he had staked out his own offices in the hope that the saboteur would strike there.

Batman advised Stone against shooting first and asking questions later, then left when he saw the Bat-Signal in the sky above Gotham's police headquarters.

Once there, the Dark Knight heard from Commissioner Gordon that the case had taken another twist. Five paintings had been returned to the gallery, yet detectives suspected that another picture was missing. Batman confirmed that he had seen only five paintings when he'd stopped the van. Moments later, Officer Montoya entered Gordon's office with more information. She said that the gallery's owner was positive a sixth painting, called *The Persian*, was missing.

"Of course," nodded Batman as he swung away into the night. "All the pieces fall into place now."

Gordon and Montoya exchanged baffled looks. "Not to us, they don't," said Montoya.

Two days later, Gotham newspapers carried reports revealing that Jason Stone was to embark on a new big game hunting trip. That afternoon, several large

wooden crates began to arrive at the S.S.S. offices. From a derelict warehouse close by, someone studied the proceedings through binoculars. "Equipment for his new slaughter, no doubt," hissed the watcher. "Time for more direct action, I think."

That night, once its anti-tamper devices had been disabled, the cables to

window's catch. The window swung open, and the slinky form of Catwoman stepped inside.

"Oh, my poor beauties," she gasped, talking to the animal heads mounted on the wall. Her pity quickly gave way to anger. "But I will avenge you! This barbarian Stone — this *hunter* — will pay

sinking into the wood. She pulled. The lid sprang off, and Catwoman's eyes flared with fury and confusion.

"Thanks. It was getting stuffy in there," said Batman, emerging from the crate.

"No! It's not possible!" wailed Catwoman. She swung the lid at Batman with all the force she could muster. Batman was ready, raising both forearms to block the blow.

The old adversaries circled each other warily. "Very noble, hunting a hunter," began Batman, "except you went in for some cat burglary at the same time. You stole *The Persian*, because you can't resist cat items — and a persian is a breed of cat!"

Catwoman lashed out with her lethal claws. The Dark Knight fell back to avoid the blow, and his agile enemy sprang for the window. But Batman's fall was deliberate. It disguised the reach into his Utility Belt for a Batarang, which he sent whirling through the air in an instant. Its line wrapped around Catwoman's legs, and she crashed to the ground.

"The quarry is captured," declared Batman, wrapping her up with the Batarang line. "This hunt is over."

A week later, in prison, Selina Kyle — alias Catwoman — studied a newspaper clipping which had just been passed under her cell door. It told her that Jason Stone was now giving up hunting for good to concentrate on rebuilding his company. At the end of the article, there was a hand-drawn bat symbol. Selina Kyle purred.

for his cruelty to you! I've been stalking him like he stalked you, sabotaging his alarms, then spreading the word to the underworld. It's destroying his company, and it will soon destroy him — just as surely as I'll destroy all this savage hunting equipment."

Catwoman grabbed the lid of the nearest crate, her claws extending and

the alarm box at Jason Stone's offices were severed by a clawed hand. The hand swiftly stretched across to a window and a single knife-sharp claw scored a small circle in the glass. The hand pushed on the glass circle, which popped out from the rest of the pane like a cork from a bottle. A slender arm slipped through the gap. Its clawed hand reached down to flip up the

